

MEGAPHONE SANG BACKWARD

GLOISTEIN FISHING CLUB HAS A WAGNERIAN TREAT.

Machine Crazy by Its Head Got Both the Dutch and Irish Kicking—Cep Thought It Was a Boiler Factory—Trouble Ahead for Auger—Fishing Is All On.

August J. Gloistein bought a phonograph with a big brass megaphone attachment several days ago, which he placed in his saloon in Forty-second street.

Gus Auger, the scale judge of the Gloistein Fishing Club, induced Gloistein to buy it. About forty members of the club were present yesterday afternoon at the regular meeting of the club, and Gloistein said:

"Gentlemen, I haf a dreed for you. Regular music by a regular band, bud id games by von of dose talking machines vat appears dat a man vas inside of id yet." The megaphone attachment of the machine was about five feet long, and when the first selection was rendered the noise could be heard half a block away. The air was not offensive to the crowd, and Gloistein was generously applauded.

A few minutes later, Pat Connelly, the former mayor of Poverty Hollow, who had looked over the box of records, discovered a record which was tagged "The Rocky Road to Dublin, by the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band."

"Begorra," said Connelly, "O! ain't heard that chune on a band for twenty years."

Auger said he would put the record in the phonograph; but Auger is a practical joker and he put the record in the machine backward. When the music started, Connelly got up out of his chair, and walked nervously about the room.

"Begorra," he shouted, "O! heard that chune played on the harp many a toime, but I niver heard it played that way before."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Gloistein, "dot vas der funnest moosic vot I effer heardt. Dot Irish moosic vas vorse dan vat dose Chinks make down py der Chinese t'ester. I vos dere von night."

"Never mind," said Auger, "the machine is a little out of order, but we will now play an old time melody, known as 'The Swanee River.'"

Auger put a new record in the machine and the chorus of a quartet was heard which sounded something like this:

"Away far, far, River Swanee the upon down way."

The words of the chorus were not well understood by the crowd, but the music made a profound impression upon the members.

"Begorra," said Connelly, "O! won't stay here av O! have to listen to another chune like dot isht wan."

"Never mind," said Auger, "we will now play 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

Auger adjusted another record, and the words came out in this fashion, accompanied by an orchestra:

"Green the of wearing the for too women and men hanging they're, round ging that's news the hear you did and dear Paddy O!"

Connelly jumped out of his chair and shouted to Gloistein:

"Not are youse runnin' here, a lunatic asylum?"

"Keep quiet, gentlemen," said Auger, "and I will give you a selection that will appeal to the majority of the members of this club. The machine must have been out of order when I rendered the other selections, but I think I have it properly adjusted now. I will now put in a record of a song that is dear to the hearts of all Germans," and the following words came out of the megaphone, apparently rendered by a negro quartet:

"Irish the that better sight damn a they're but much to amount don't they Dutch dirty, dirty the. D-told the than better sight damn a its but rag old dirty a is dag Irish the."

Pat Connelly, Pat Kehoe, the marble yard man and "Red Top Eye" Soden were a brown study for a few minutes after the last selection was rendered. Then Kehoe jumped up and yelled:

"O! understand it all now."

Kehoe made a mad dash for the machine and in a few minutes it was put out of commission.

A moment later a policeman went into the place and asked Gloistein if he had opened up a boiler factory.

"No," said Gloistein, "I haf a talking machine here. I was chust playing a little Wagner moosic py it. Dot is a avel moosic py Chermany. Of course you cops don't know much about Wagner, everyding vas all right, but if you can find a man named Mister Auger who chust runs ovid mit der blace blasse tell him dat I want to see him shure py to-morrow, don't I. I shall not want to bay money for a talking machine dot is crazy py its head. Ven you see Auger, tell him to come py my blace. Maybe if I see him I show him a way to bay 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' Maybe I bay it backwards for him, too."

According to Pat Kehoe, there will be no excursion of the fishing club this summer unless Gloistein explains the reversal of form of the phonograph.

COP'S BROTHER ACCUSED.

Some One Fished Pocketbook on a Car—Prisoner Says He Was in a Saloon.

John Boyan of Greenpoint, whose brother James is a cop in the Sixty-first precinct in Brooklyn, was a prisoner in the Jefferson Market court yesterday charged with picking the pocket of F. W. Lobstein of the office of the general manager of the American Express Company.

Lobstein said that on Saturday afternoon he boarded a Madison avenue car at Twenty-third street and was jostled on the platform. A passenger told him that a man was trying to pick his pocket. Boyan, he declared, struck the passenger and jumped from the car. On the street he dropped the pocketbook, which contained a number of railway and steamboat passes. Lobstein declared that he could not be mistaken in the identification.

Boyan said that he had come over from Greenpoint to see the police parade, as his brother was in the line. He had just stepped out of a saloon on Fourth avenue when Lobstein rushed up and ordered a cop near by to arrest him. Boyan was held for examination in \$1,500 bail, which he has procured. Boyan said he was an agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and was married. He lived, he said, with his family at 115 Fremont street.

NEW PAINT MADE MANY SICK.

Paterson Free Library Finished Just Before Dedication Exercises.

PATERSON, N. J., May 7.—Many of those who attended the dedication ceremonies of the Danforth Free Public Library last week are at present under the doctor's care suffering from painter's colic. The physicians were unable at first to determine the cause of the trouble until a number of the library attendants complained of the illness, and it was then found that the new paint on the interior of the library was the cause. While many of those affected have been detained from business for several days, no serious results have followed the illness.

LEWIS AND CLARKE SHOW READY.

Portland Exposition to Be Opened June 1 Complete Throughout.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 7.—Work is practically finished on the Lewis and Clarke exposition, and the great show will be opened, complete in every department, June 1. The exposition will fully acquaint the American people with the vast resources and potentialities of the Pacific Coast.

To visitors who desire to come early it can be said that the exposition will be substantially as complete on the opening day as it will four and one-half months later, when it will be officially closed.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Henry James pursues his devious and intricate way into the heart of New England in the second paper of his "Autumn Impression" in the current number of the *North American Review*. Why he doesn't lose himself entirely in the crosswork of his own syntax and the underbrush of his own adjectives is to the reader one of the "maddening mystifications" of which the writer discourses. Another insistent query which presents itself is why an American, however long a foreign resident—or as Mr. James would say: even more, because so long a foreign resident—should embrace the word "cars" in quotation marks. There are trams and trippers in England—there are lifts and luggage—and most American travelers pronounce them "trippingly on the tongue" and write them without quotation marks when in the country to which they are peculiar, though some of the terms traced to their root sources are less accurate than their American equivalents. For the rest Mr. James wanders about New England taking "earnest strolls," pursuing in vain the shy specter of a revelation, seeking fresh "adventures" in experience, studying documentary phenomena in the large liberty of the "summer girl" and the "summer youth"—a "story seeker impatient and uncorrected" and persistently curious and discriminating, presenting conclusions in delicious Jamesonian sentences of which the following is a gem:

The present, the positive, was mainly represented ever by the level railway crossing, gaining expression from its localization of possible death and destruction, where the great stilled, strident, yet so almost comically impersonal train which with its so often undegraded and so always unserviced stations and its general air of "boasting" the neighborhoods it wars, for climax of its characteristic curtness, to "look out" for its rush, is everywhere a large contribution to one's impression of a kind of monotony of acquiescence.

One is ready to forgive "cars" with the quotation marks for the sake of unserved without them.

An ideal and interesting literary collaboration is that formed by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Mr. Castle comes from a family in which on both sides there are traditions of literary and philosophical pursuits. He spent his first youth, although he comes from purely English stock, in Paris. Returning to England at 18, he began hard work at science, first at Glasgow University and later at Cambridge. After taking his degree he went to the military college at Sandhurst, spent some time in the service, and then threw up his commission to become a man of letters. Mrs. Castle passed her childhood in an Irish country house, spent a few years abroad for the cultivation of art and the languages, and was married on the threshold of her first season. These united workers seem to reach their goal from widely different starting points. Mrs. Castle finds her greatest incentive to new ideas in music, while Mr. Castle believes that inspiration lies for him in scenery or old buildings associated with history. In the first composition and also for the final revision they work in each other's company—a couple of hours in the morning. The whole of the mechanical part, as well as the intermediary business, Mr. Castle takes upon himself to spare his wife fatigue. To the maturing of schemes and of characterization, as well as to the preliminary talking over of the plot, they devote much time, and their work often remains complete in their minds a long time before a line is written. The result is that it is impossible to detect the line of cleavage in their collaboration.

The *Saturday Review* gives a fresh interpretation of Henry James which may throw some light upon the reason why so many people find it difficult to understand him.

"The dramatic quality of Mr. James's work," according to this authority, "may not be obvious to readers who measure dramatic force rather by its disturbance than its significance. The stage, always eager for the obvious, has publicly affianced drama to a fury of gesture and a high voice, preferring its spent force to its springs; but to productive intensity the pregnancy of action is of more importance than its barren effect, however astounding; and thus putting a knife into one's pocket may have in it more of drama than putting it into a man. It is by the exhibition of what one may call deferred action that Mr. James achieves his dramatic effects, and by it he practically tells the whole story."

The remark about the dramatic significance of putting a knife into one's pocket instead of putting it into a man is most encouraging. It is easy to see why Mr. James's readers are a little community of the elect. The layman cannot expect to grasp the dramatic fervor of such incidents—only a mind attuned to that of the author himself could comprehend such subtlety.

Joseph Conrad is in Capri, Italy, where he has gone for a rest and to obtain material for a new novel of which there is some talk.

The University of Aberdeen has just conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Maarten Maartens and Thomas Hardy. Both authors had travelled up to Aberdeen to be present at the opening of the extensive but comparatively unknown art gallery of the University, and an eyewitness who saw them together there describes Mr. Hardy as "the novelist with the gray mustache, the thick eyebrows and the clear, mediating gray eyes. Compared with him Maarten Maartens is very tall. The latter has a handsome profile and the bearing of a soldier."

MRS. KESSEL GRATEFUL.

Wife of Man Who Tried Suicide on Account of Trouble With Union Still in Sad Plight.

Mrs. Simon Kessel, wife of the cap maker who jumped out of a second story window last Thursday morning on account of trouble with his union, and who is now in a critical condition in Bellevue Hospital, was found yesterday at 325 East Tenth street, where she lives with her mother. She expressed her gratitude for the \$5 from "Cash" and \$5 from "G. F." sent her through THE SUN.

The \$10 which Kessel's employer gave her as her husband's wages went for medicine. A woman in the same tenement bought shoes for her and her three little children.

As she is too frail to do heavy work and her children are so young as to need her constant care she does not know how she can provide for her family when the \$10 donated has been spent. Her mother works in a fish stall near Tompkins Square, but cannot support the entire family.

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